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Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Portland Transcript.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.

So friend Goodwill's subscribed for the paper,
How handy for us it will be!
He was always a very good neighbor,
And I'm sure he will lend it to me.
Here, Charley! run over and borrow
This morning's new paper, and say
That we will return it to-morrow,
If we can get through it to-day.

Oh the trials of patience and temper,
Entailed by this borrowing train!
To which the unfortunate lender
Must submit and never complain!
For what is the use of complaining?
A hint they never will take,
And who has the spirit remaining
Sufficient the bondage to break?

Like the hopes of poor Sancho Panza,
When he seated himself at the feast,
Are ours,—quite as vain, when we fancy
We can read a newspaper in peace:
Like Sancho's tormenting attendant,
(Ere we can a section peruse,)
In walks some patient expectant,
And would just like to see what's the news!

If they would only return them
In aught like a readable state—
If they would not tear, soil, or burn them—
But we must submit to our fate;
For surely we cannot refuse them
What they scarcely consider a loan,
Yet if he saw how they'd abused them
The printer his work would disown.

Our files are never completed,—
For, if we attempt to collect
The unreturned numbers, we're greeted
With the answer, 'They did not expect,
When they borrowed, to return a newspaper,
And whither they went, they ne'er knew:'
So we get our pains for our labor,
And what, oh, what can we do?

A HUGE PAW.

Verses to the memory of a blacksmith, recited by Mr. Browning, during his Lecture on Iron, at the N. Y. Mechanics' Institute, last December.

With the nerves of a Sampson the son of the sledge,
By the anvil his livelihood got;
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge,
And "strike when his iron was hot."

With the sons of old Crispin no kindred he claimed,
With "the last" he had nothing to do;
He had handled no bradawl, but yet in his time
He had made many an excellent Shoe.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
His bellows were always in blast;
And I do maintain it, deny it who will,
He had but one vice to the last.

No actor was he, or concerned with the stage,
Had no audience to shout or applaud;
Yet oft in his shop, like a crowd in a rage,
The voice of a hissing was heard.

The stealing of axes was a part of his cares,
Yet in thieving he never was found;
And, altho' he was constantly running on bars,
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Now, alas and alack! what more shall I say
Of old Vulcan's unfortunate son?
The Priest and the sexton have borne him away,
And the sound of his hammar is gone.—*Plebeian.*

POPULAR TALES.

THE CAPTIVE.

Throughout the greater part of the campaign of 1776, and subsequent to the evacuation of New York by the American troops under Gen. Washington, the prospects of liberty exhibited a saddening gloom. The continental army, consisting only of a few thousand men, and those destitute of clothing and every convenience of life, was reduced to a cypher, when compared with the disciplined ranks of England. After the signal victories of Trenton and Princeton, new life and vigor was infused into the breasts of the almost despairing friends of freedom; and the capture of Lieutenant General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, in 1777—whose talents were well known, and whose enterprizing spirit and thirst for military renown could scarcely be equalled—while it excited the Americans to great efforts by affording them hopes of ultimate success, confirmed the wavering, and heightened the embarrassment of the English ministry, who had so vainly endeavored to enslave the colonists.

On a fine afternoon, during the interesting period last mentioned, two horsemen were slowly ly winding their way along the road which leads to the town of Ridgefield. They were both young, and their appearance such as would insure them attention in any society. The eldest was near twenty-eight, in stature approaching the colossal, with quick, piercing eyes, a neck firm and erect, chest expanding, shoulders square and muscular, arms long, no cumbrous flesh about the body, but the whole frame braced with well-compacted sinews; add to this a soldier-like bearing, a huge epaulette on his right shoulder, and other corresponding equipments, matchless skill and address in managing a strong black charger, and you will have an accurate idea of a continental officer. The other was two or three years younger than his companion, and of less powerful dimensions, but of well-knit sinewy limbs, and calculated to endure great hardships and privations. The beast he bestrode was a nettlesome Narragansett nag, that pawed the earth, and carracoled to all sides of the road almost at once, evidently disliking the snail-like pace at which his rider held him.

The conversation of the riders, which partook deeply of the spirit of the times, was renewed as the horses came abreast of each other, in a wider pass of the road.

"Even now," said he on the black horse, "I have the most undoubted reasons for believing there are confederacies existing, the object of which is to displace Washington, and put in his place the Englishman, Gates."

"Admitting such to be the fact, Captain Edwards," said the officer, "what objections have you to urge against the hero of Saratoga?"

"Why, sir, Gates lacks every requisite which ought to characterize a Commander-in-chief;—the only quality which he possesses is a brutal, dare-devil courage, which a general officer had better want than have."

"But," resumed the other, "is not you favorite Washington deficient in spirit and energy?"

"I tell you, Lieutenant Brown," rejoined Captain Edwards, rather impetuously, "Horatio Gates will no more compare with George Washington, in mental energy and military science, than Lord Cornwallis with the Duke of Marlborough. Green is infinitely superior to Gates, and in the event of the death of Washington—but such a calamity may Heaven avert—he alone, I believe, could conduct our intricate affairs to a fortunate result. And the victory of Saratoga, where all your hero's laurels were won, was gained more by the valor, address and experience of Arnold, Brooks and Morgan, than by any skill on the part of General Gates."

"This I cannot grant," said the subaltern.—"Arnold, Brooks and Morgan were undoubtedly brave, accomplished and gallant officers, but their orders all originated with their commander, and, consequently, the capture of Burgoyne must have been the effect of the deep-laid plans and skilful manœuvring of General Gates."

"I perceive," returned the Captain, "that this is a subject on which we shall never agree, and its discussion may elicit offensive observations, and, if you will please we will discontinue it entirely."

"With all my heart," said Lieutenant Brown. "But it is now some time past meridian, and I think a little aliment might tend to benefit the animal system."

"We are but a short ride from the house of Mrs. Humphreys, and she will be glad to furnish refreshment and shelter to two soldiers of liberty."

"Indeed," said the lieutenant, laughing, "report says that the dwelling of that lady possesses attractions for the gallant captain, independent of the good cheer afforded by the hospitable mistress of the mansion."

"I do not understand you, sir," said the captain, drawing himself up somewhat haughtily.

"Why, to be plain, captain," said Brown, "'tis said that the bright eyes of the fair niece of Mrs. Humphreys are the cause of your frequent visits to her house."

"Though I highly esteem Miss Howard," said the captain, coldly, "I permit no one to indulge themselves in such freedom as to associate my name with that of any lady."

"But," rejoined the lieutenant, "you must allow that the smiles of this beautiful and accomplished girl have had their influence on your past conduct."

"I cannot admit any such inference, nor will the premises justify the conclusion."

As the colloquy ended, the horsemen spurred onward, and soon arrived in view of the residence of Mrs. Humphreys, which was situated on a gentle acclivity, accessible by a long avenue, skirted on either side with tall poplars, and defended at the extremity by a slight wooden gate. On entering this avenue, old Scipio came running toward them with a brow darkened a number of shades by his agitation, and grasping the bridle of Captain Edward's horse, exclaimed:—

"Oh! for Heaven's mercy, good master Edwards, don't go to the house!"

"What the devil's the matter?" ejaculated the captain, as he endeavored to disengage the hold of the negro.

"Mistress has gone clean 'stracted," began the African, "because Miss Caroline" ——

"What of her?—speak out, in the fiend's name," said Captain Edwards, evincing much greater emotion than he had hitherto betrayed.

"You stop me, sir; I must tell my story in my own way," said Scipio.

"Proceed with it, then, with a murrain to you," said Lieutenant Brown, impatiently, "or, by heaven, I'll beat it out of you with the flat of my sword."

"Well, then," said the negro, angrily, "the tory Captain Lewis came to our house last night with some sodgers, and carried off Miss Caroline."

"The unhung villain!" muttered Captain Edwards, from between his clenched teeth; and then compelling himself to speak more calmly, he said, "Brown, my dear fellow, return directly to the camp, and meet me at Stophel's tavern, with Sergeant Watkins and a dozen trusty soldiers. The scoundrel cannot escape me—I know every tory haunt between here and the Hudson; I must go to the house and console the afflicted Mrs. Humphreys."

The sublatern struck his spurs into the flank of his steed, and hastened to execute the orders of his superior. The captain rode up the lane, saying to himself, "I always knew that Lewis was a consummate rascal, but this daring outrage almost passeth belief. And what object the wretch can expect to accomplish, I cannot conceive.—Caroline has the spirit of Elizabeth of England, and all attempts to gain her love by possessing himself of her person, will only excite her contempt; and if he dares even to meditate an injury, to the loveliest of her sex, his life shall pay the forfeit."

He had now reached the house, and throwing his bridle to a servant, entered without ceremony. As he had anticipated, he found Mrs. Humphreys in an indescribable state of grief: her health was delicate, and this unexpected calamity had prostrated her physical and mental energies. After offering a few encouraging words, which produced but a slight effect, he remounted his horse, and rode rapidly to the place of rendezvous.—Here he met Lieutenant Brown, a sergeant, corporal and ten privates, all finely armed and equipped, and prepared to brave any danger, and incur any hazard, in the service of a commander in whom they had the most unbounded confidence. He instantly placed himself at their head, and proceeded on his expedition.

It was now dark. Their road lay along the margin of a small stream, bounded on the one side by half-cultivated fields, and on the other by a thick gloomy forest, in which the death-like silence of its dark bosom was only broken by the occasional howl of its savage tenants.

After pursuing their course for some distance along the bank of this rivulet, now traversing the ground on its very margin, and then again carried by the windings of the path miles from the stream, they came to a sharp angle in the road, on turning which the captain, being a short distance in advance of the troops, discovered a figure, slightly defined, but yet bearing some resemblance to the human species, stealing along the side of the path, apparently wishing to avoid observation.

Striking his spurs into his horse, and drawing his sword at the same time, the captain had the person completely in his power before the other had time to offer either flight or resistance.

"For whom are you?" was demanded by Captain Edwards, in no gentle accents.

"I'm nae just free to say," replied the stranger, thus rudely interrogated, with the true Caledonian evasion.

"Answer me at once," returned the captain, "which party do you favor?"

"Ye might have the civility to give me a gentle hint which side ye belang to," said Sawney.

"No circumlocution," rejoined the soldier sternly. "Inform me immediately, are you a mercenary of the tyrant of England, or a friend to liberty; your life depends on your answer."

"Aweel then," said the Scotchman, firmly, "sin ye will have it, by my soul, I won't go to heaven with a lie in my mouth—I'm whig to the back-bone, ye carline; now do your warst, and be hanged till ye."

Well pleased was the American captain to discover so staunch a friend, when he had every reason to expect an enemy; and after furnishing him with a pistol, and advising him to avoid the scouting parties of the enemy, by keeping in the wood, he again proceeded on his expedition.—They soon reached a fork in the road; one branch led into the recesses of the wood, and the other lay still farther along the banks of the stream, when the captain, calling Lieutenant Brown a little distance from the troop, said—

"A few miles' ride will carry us to the encampment of a party of these tories. I wish to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and shall take the road which leads into the wood for that purpose, while you, with the soldiers, will ride on the other road, till you arrive within sight of the enemy, and then return to this point, which shall be our place of rendezvous. In the mean time, I wish you to avoid coming to any engagement with the tories; but in case you hear me fire two pistol shots, you may believe me to be in danger, and hasten to my relief."

To command, was to be obeyed, with Captain Edwards; and soon no sound was heard save the slow and regular tread of the horses of the soldiers under command of Lieutenant Brown.

Leaving the republican soldiers for a time, we now turn our attention to the partizan tory who had entered the house of Mrs. Humphreys, like a robber, and forcibly carried off Miss Howard. James Lewis was a loyal officer of much celebrity. Of English extraction, and bred in the principles of entire acquiescence in the orders of the British ministry, he beheld the struggles of the aggrieved colonists with contempt. He saw the inhabitants rising about him in various parts of the country, with feelings of bitter malignancy, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost to crush these evidences of rebellion in the outset. Moved by this inveteracy, he accepted a captain's commission in the English army, and fought for a time under the banners of General Clinton, with success worthy of a better cause.—But taking offence at some imperious order of his commander, he threw up his commission in disgust, and retired to his native village near the river Hudson. Here, collecting about him a few choice spirits like himself, he kept the inhabitants in a continual state of alarm by his plundering and rapacious conduct. Acting, as he pretended, under the orders of the king, the tories durst not oppose him, and the whigs were too few in numbers to resist his foraging excursions with any prospect of success.

In his youth he had been a school companion of Captain Edwards, but their principles were widely dissimiliar, and little intercourse had taken place between them. In after life they embraced different sides, and the tory disliked the whig for his virtues, and envied him his good name. In one of his marauding expeditions he became acquainted with Miss Howard, and discovering the interest the republican had in her affections, he determined to get her into his power, for the purpose of holding a check on the whig officer, whom he equally feard and hated.

The dwelling of the renegade was situated on a small elevation on the bank of the river Hudson. His peculiar occupation, and the state of affairs in the country, had rendered it necessary for him to fortify and strengthen his house, and at the time referred to, it resembled, what it in fact was, the rendezvous of a band of lawless desperadoes.

In the principal room of the building was the villain captain, with three of his officers, seated round a decayed deal table, playing cards; on one end of the table stood a dirty decanter, partly filled with apple brandy; three or four cracked, digny tumblers were scattered over the table, and the rest of the furniture of the department was in keeping with what has been described.—In a corner of the room sat a lovely girl, apparently in the depth of wretchedness; her long raven curls hung in luxuriant profusion down her snowy neck; her veil, thrown carelessly aside, exposed to view a high, clear, receding forehead, dark arched eye-brows, mild hazel eyes, shaded by long delicate lashes, a complexion of brilliant transparency—the whole face possessing that regularity of feature which constitutes beauty, but not that cast of countenance which subjects the person to the charge of insipidity; the mutual expression of her face was of buoyant, gladsome mirth—but now the calm lustre of her dark eyes was quenched in anguish. She occassionally cast furtive glances at the captain, and then toward a small window, which was firmly barricaded; but seeing no prospect of escape, she replapsed again into hopeless sorrow. Groups of blackguard soldiers were seated on stools in different parts of the room, many of them following the example of their officers, and others amusing themselves with burnishing their muskets and equipments. After numerous potations from his bottle, the captain started up, reeling under the influence of the liquor, and addressing a ruffian-looking officer, one of his boon companions.

"Lieutenant Jocelyn, have the drum beat to arms, and take these lazy knaves and scour the woods for a few miles round, and cut down or make prisoner every rebel rascal you meet; leave soldiers enough, however, to guard the old castle: quick—blast me, no hesitation."

"Humph!" muttered the old soldier; "ready enough to run his comrades into the noose; but devilish careful to keep his own delectable person out of danger."

"Ha! what say you, you old grumbler? You shall stay here and guard the lady, if you are so much afraid of your beautiful self; and I will take command of the men."

The lieutenant liked this proposition still worse than the former, but seeing no alternative, obeyed in silence. In a short time the captain, accompanied by about twenty men, including a sergeant and two corporals, left their camp, and proceeded toward the wood. It was night-fall when they reached the forest, through which the road was very narrow and circuitous. They were travelling along the path in double files, when the sergeant in front ordered a halt.

"Why do we stop here," roared the captain, "when it is as dark as Egypt?"

"I hear a noise like the trampling of horses," said the sergeant.

"Hist, then," said Captain Lewis, "and draw up the men into a body, and await their arrival in silence."

The horse's footsteps were now distinctly heard; but it was a solitary horseman, whom these worthy soldiers were to encounter. When he arrived within speaking distance, the sergeant advanced a few paces in front of the soldiers and exclaimed:

"Stand! stand! or you are a dead man!"

The horseman evinced no disposition to comply with this arbitrary requisition, but deliberately drew a pistol from his holsters, and endeavored to urge his horse through the ranks of his opponents. Captain Lewis now came to the front of his men, and ordered:

"Seize the bridle, and down with the rebel!"

"Let no man lay a hand on me or on my horse, as he values his life," said the horseman, in a determined tone, at the same time cocking his pistol.

The sergeant drew back for a few yards, and discharged his cabine, but without effect; two soldiers grasped the horse by the head at the same instant. The horseman, seeing a struggle inevitable, literally blew out the brains of one of his assailants, and plucking his other pistol, from its socket, with his left hand, and fired at, and slightly wounded his second antagonist; he now threw aside his pistols, &c., and then drew his heavy broadsword, and essayed to cut his way through his opponents—but giant strength, combined with the most desperate courage, could not successfully compete with such vast disparity of numbers; some of his enemies fastened themselves on his horse, while others thrust at him with their bayonets, and after a protracted and furious contest, during which the tories lost five men, the horseman was disarmed and brought to the ground.

"Bind the rebel dog," shouted the infuriated captain, "he shall die the death of a felon, were he George Washington. By Heaven!" continued he, as he viewed the prostrate horseman, "It is Captain Edwards! Are then my dearest wishes gratified? I will be doubly revenged! Bind him hand and foot, boys, and throw him across his own horse, if the beast can bear him; if not, drive a bullet through the horse's brains, and carry the soldier in your arms."

The whig officer was firmly bound, and placed on his own charge, while a soldier walked on either side of him, and another led the horse.—After prosecuting their route homeward near a mile, they were electrified with "No quarter to the cowardly tories! cut them down root and branch;" followed by the discharge of near a dozen pistols, which killed four men, and wounded two or three officers, and in a moment they were nearly surrounded by the dragoons under command of Lieutenant Brown. For a short time the contest was maintained with vigor; the bonds of Captain Edwards were cut, and he attacked the tory captain sword in hand, and after a short conflict, succeeded in wounding him in the sword arm, and hurling him to the ground, and placing his foot on his breast, he said:

"Now, you dastardly ruffian—avow your villainies, and inform me where I shall find Miss Howard, or by heaven's blue arch, I will send you where the tenor of your life will be hard to account for."

The fierceness of the whig soldier's manner, and the consciousness of being wholly in his power, completely humbled the tory, and he begged his life, and promised to conduct the troops to his encampment, where they would find the lady in safety.

The tories were now effectually routed; some were killed, some wounded, some captured, and some had escaped. A few miles' travel, and Captain Edwards and the men under his command arrived at the habitation of the tories. A coarse, slovenly soldier was pacing the ground in front of the building, and on the advance of the continental troops, he presented his musket and ordered them to halt. Captain Edwards briefly informed him of the reverse that had taken place in the fortune of the commander, and concluded by telling him that "Submission was safety—resistance death."

The door was now burst open, and in a moment Miss Howard was folded in the arms of her lover. "Oh! George!" cried the weeping girl, as she endeavored to extricate herself from his embrace; "I had almost despaired of relief; I thought I was forsaken by all my friends, and you with the rest."

"Forsake you! never!" exclaimed he, fervently, as he again clasped her to his breast, "while life animates this body."

"I believe you," said she; "I was a wretch to doubt your constancy and preseverance. But," she added, "we must not remain here an instant—my aunt will be in agony till she hears of my deliverance."

The scene that ensued on the arrival of the rescued fair one at the house of her aunt, may be imagined, but cannot be accurately described.

The old lady nearly stifled her niece with caresses, alternately thanking God, and imploring blessings on the emancipator of the child of her hopes.

Little more remains to be told. No entreaties of Captain Edwards, or persuasions of her aunt, could induce Miss Howard to give her hand to her admirer, till the close of the war. On the establishment of peace, Col Edwards, for he had received that title, was made happy in the possession of the object of his long-tried affections.—Lieutenant Brown served under his captain during the war, and on the promotion of Major Edwards, succeeded to his command. The tory Lewis, and the remainder of his guilty accomplices, were captured shortly after the occurrence of the above related transactions, and executed for desertion.

THE GRAND MISTAKE.

Every person who has at any time passed up Tchoupioulas street, near St. Mary's market, says the N. O. Picayune, must have observed the pair of tall steamboat chimneys elevated over the door in front of Long, Aldrich & Smith's sheet-iron and stove establishment. The other night two drunken flat-boatmen came round the corner of St. Joseph street, arm in arm, with a wide lurch, and brought up against a fence.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" said one of our heroes starting with all his eyes at the chimneys across the street—"Simon, my boy, stick her fast for shore, or we shall be run over—hallo! there ahead! stranger, give a lick back—you'll be over us!"

Simon rolled up his eyes, and thought the stars were sparks from the chimnies, while the fire doors below remained closed. He happened to be grasping a loose board of the fence, and thinking it was his oar, he commenced rowing with an energy peculiar to men when terror stricken in drink.

"Stop! stop! stop! Simon," said the other again. "Keep cool! keep! darn me, I believe she's only wooding after all."

Without any joke at all, the two boatmen were confusedly blue, but with the faintest glimmering of sense left, and just sight enough to see and and know the steamboat chimneys towering with their broad white tops right in front of them.—As if to complete the illusion, a large steamboat came puffing down the river, close in shore, at the moment, with a loud whuh! whuh! whuh! that at once confirmed the terror of the benighted navigators.

"Look out, look out there," bellowed Simon, with desperate and shrieking energy of tone.—"Back her, stranger! back her! or by thunder you'll be over us!"

They both now pulled off their coats in rapid haste, and went to work at the loose boards, rowing away at them ready to break their backs or strain their shoulder blades.

"What in reason's name, are you doing there, men?" said an astonished passer-by who stopped to observe these extraordinary proceedings.

"Lend a hand! lend a hand!" roared Simon and his companion with one voice; "all fired wrath don't you see the steamboat right over us? There by thunder, the thing's out—here we go!"

A section of the old fence had been swaying, with their united efforts—a motion which they imagined was the rocking of the flatboat in the steamboat swell—and now gave way with a crash, falling in and pitching the two bacchanalians into a puddle of water in the lumber yard. There our informant left them, to find their way out as soon as they were damp and cold enough to get sober. They were thoroughly convinced that their boat was "smashed" and they were bound for the little back parlor of David Jones, Esq., for the last words they uttered, as they grasped hands in the puddle were:

"Hezekiah; good bye, Hezekiah."

"Good bye, Simon—Amen."

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

We give up a large portion of our paper to-day, to an account of the celebration on the 17th, for which we are mainly indebted to the Morning Post, and the speech of Mr. Webster delivered on that occasion, as reported for the Boston Notion. It is but justice here to observe, that judging from the reports of the speech in other papers, which have since come to hand, the report in the Notion appears to be very inaccurate, but this was probably owing to the difficulty of hearing in the midst of such a vast concourse.

Never, says the Post, rose the sun brighter or clearer, and the air was pure, fresh, and invigorating. At an early hour, the slumbers of the citizens were broken by the morning salutes of artillery, and soon the streets were alive with foot and mounted troops, marching in every direction to the inspiring sounds of martial music. There were citizen soldiers, in various but splendid uniforms, from the north, the east, the south, and the west, numbering many thousands, all drawn together by one noble and sacred impulse—to participate in the grand and solemn ceremony intending to perpetuate the memory of the virtue, valor, and patriotism of their revolutionary fathers. In many of the principal streets flags were displayed, and thus, "in glory dressed," gaily did they look. The turn out of citizens was in keeping with these more formal displays of public rejoicing, and all seemed animated with deep yet glowing enthusiasm, which indicated the intense interest which they felt in the cause of the celebration. To them the conflicts of the revolution, and the sacrifices and triumphs of the soldiers of freedom were felt to be realities; to be events, which should be remembered with rejoicings and gratitude throughout all time. The spirit of life, activity and cheerfulness, seemed to pervade in every quarter. All were in motion, yet there was no confusion. No unbecoming noises broke upon the ear, nor unseemly exhibition of rude dispositions pained the eye.

Under these favorable auspices, the military and civic columns were enabled to form in due season, and with great precision and regularity. The military display surpassed any thing of the kind ever attempted in this country. Indeed, such a number of volunteer troops, so perfect in every military appointment, may not be drawn together in any part of the world. This military escort, under the command of Major Gen. Howe was composed of—

One corps of cavalry—the National Lancers.

Twelve companies of Artillery.

Forty-six companies of light-infantry and riflemen.

The civic portion of the procession embraced the President of the United States and suites, the Governor of the Commonwealth and suite, civil and military, Governor of Rhode Island and suite, judges of the state and national courts, and other officers of the civil law, officers of the army and navy, principal officers of the customs, commander of the revenue Cutter, judges of other States, officers of Harvard College, the clergy, both branches of the Legislature, municipal officers of Charlestown and Boston, King Solomon's and other lodges of Masons, Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, New England Society of New York, Ancient and Honorable Artillery, Charitable Irish Society, Benevolent Tailor's Society, Andover Theological School, Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Roman Catholic Mutual Relief Society, St. Mary's Catholic Temperance Society, St. Mary's Mutual Benevolent Catholic Total Abstinence Society, Irish Protestant Mutual Relief Society, and members of the Bunker Hill Monument Association

There were also one hundred and eight revolutionary soldiers, in carriages, in this portion of the procession.

The military took up their line of march from the common a little past ten, and proceeded thro' the several streets previously indicated in the published programme of the intended route. The utmost order pevailed in the streets, and we never knew the lines to be preserved with less trouble.

At a quarter before eleven, the President, in company with Joseph T. Buckingham, Esq., President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, entered a barouche, drawn by six noble black horses, in front of the state house. The President's two sons were also in the same carriage.

Notwithstanding the vast multitude of people in the streets, strangers and residents, the numerous distinct and separate points of attraction in the procession throughout its entire length, created so many diversions of spectators that there was no overwhelming pressure on any one point, and all who were on foot had full oportunity to witness the pageant in detail. It was in no place seen to better advantage than while going down South Market street, which, on account of its width, afforded ample room for the procession and a wide interval on each side for the spectators.

The revolutionary soldiers and sons of New England from New York were the most frequently cheered portions. The unusual sight of the masons in their mystic paraphernalia, which had almost become "an obsolete idea," were regarded with no small curiosity and respect. The various Irish temperance and charitable societies, with their distinctive badges and banners, were objects of great interest. Their ranks were very full, and their appearance very respectable. And we may venture to say that none in the procession sympathized more heartily in the cause and the object of the celebration than the members of these societies.

While the columns were passing over Warren Bridge, salute after salute was fired from the navy yard, and occasionally from the hill, and in about two hours after the President's carriage started from the State House the head of the procession reached the enclosure on the north of the monument. The area was formed on a declivity, at the basis of which a covered platform had been erected, and supplied with seats for the accommodation of about 500 guests and the revolutionary soldiers. The President and the heads of departments were conducted up on the platform by the chief marshal and his aids. Gov. Morton and Gov. Fenner followed, and other distinguished official personages in order. The reception of the remnant of the revolutionary army was very interesting. As they were led up to the platform they were brought within the view of thousands upon thousands, who made the hill ring with their shouts. Nearly all were lame,—some were crippled, some deaf, others blind, and all bowed down with years; but there they were,—still alive—the representatives of an army, which did more with the sword for the cause of rational political liberty and public virtue than had been accomplished in all preceding time by all the heroes and orators of the old world.

Among these revered remains of the gallant bands who fought, not for military glory, but for human right and eternal principles of justice, there were twelve who, on the 17 of June, 1775, drove back like chaff before the blast the stern battalions of Britain's bravest troops, upon the very ground on which they had now met to celebrate the 68th anniversary of the battle. The eldest of these venerable men was Mr. PHINEAS JOHNSON, aged 97. There were also present three who were in the battle of Lexington, viz: JONATHAN HARRINGTON, 95; ALPHEUS BIGELOW, 85; and LEVI HARRINGTON, 83 years of age.

What with the movements of the military, the galloping from point to point of the well-equipped marshals, the waving of the countless banners of the different societies, and the dense mass of citizens congregated and arranged in the most perfect order, the spectacle on the hill, between the monument and the reception pavilion, was imposing, interesting, and inspiring beyond the power of description. But the most brilliant feature of the whole was presented on the glacis at the base of the monument, on which were seated thousands of the fair daughters of New England, whose resplendant charms, fanned by the breeze, reflected back upon the bright heavens above the glowing tints, kindled by the genial and tempered rays of the mid-day sun, which seemed to rest suspended over the scene, as if it constituted a part of the glorious pageant.

All the arrangements were carried into effect with admirable regularity; and at 20 minutes before 2, the Hon. Daniel Webster, the orator of the day, after prayers had been offered up by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, advanced to the platform, and commenced his oration, amid wide reverberating shouts of applause. The address occupied about two hours in the delivery.

After some congratulations had passed between Mr. Webster and the revolutionary soldiers and other guests on the platform, the chief marshal ordered the procession to be re-formed, which was done with great despatch and in excellent order, and it returned to the city over Charles River bridge, and marched to the common, where it was dismissed.

Notwithstanding the immense collection of people on and about Bunker Hill—perhaps 100,000—no accident occured either in that neighborhood or any where on the line of march.

INDIANS IN FLORIDA—MURDERS.—The St. Augustine News of the 6th inst. states that on the 29th ult. news reached Newmansville that Mrs. Hague was murdered by the Indians, and 20 or 25 men armed themselves, mounted and hastened in pursuit. On their way they met the family of Reubin Hague, consisting of his wife and four children; they lived some four hundred yards from Gideon Hague, and had been driven from their house and pursued, until, by secreting themselves in hammock they eluded the Indians or Negroes.

Upon reaching the scene of outrage, the party were rejoiced to find that Mrs. Gideon Hague had so far recovered as to be able to place herself upon a bed. She was wounded on the back part of her head. Two wounds being evidently inflicted with a tomahawk, and some eight or ten others with a knife.

The skull is supposed not to be seriously fractured, but the fleshy part of her head is dreadfully lacerated, and her ultimate recovery rendered uncertain. The attack was made about 10 o'clock in the day, in the absence of Mr. Hague. A negro girl, about twelve or thirteen years of age, gave the alarm to her mistress, that Indians were approaching, and was told by her mistress to make her escape with an infant child. Mrs. Hague, being in a feeble state of health, was immediately overtaken, and is unconscious of any occurrence until her recovery. Some two or three tracks only were discovered, and the ground being hard, pursuit was hopeless.

Mrs. Gideon Hague can tell nothing about those who made the attack upon her; and Mrs. Reuben Hague, though she saw three men in pursuit of her, was so confused that she does not know with certainty that they were Indians.—The negro girl states that they were three Indians with large packs on their backs, with bright tomahawks but but no guns.

The people of Newmansville are under the impression that this act was committed by negroes, and not Indians, as there are several runaway negroes in that vicinity. The circumstance that they had no guns goes far to confirm the impression that they were negroes.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Willis, in a recent number of the New Mirror, speaks thus invitingly of this favorite resort: "The tide of fashion is already setting restlessly towards Saratoga Springs. The United States Hotel—a whole village in itself—will be, as usual, the head quarters of the gay and light-hearted. Beauty, with her delicate cheeks unblanched by that white-moustached tax-gatherer of roses, and with her morning vivacity unshaken from the exhausting fascinations of the ball-room, will be there; and the invalid will be there, papa's youngest daughter—and he will smile and laugh, as day by day, her pale countenance reblooms; and the retired constitution-shattered merchant, and the sprig of Southern chivalry, and the moon inspired genii of romance, and the countess, most likely—and the parvenu, no doubt—and captains, majors, and commodores—heiresses, rich widows and pretty milliners—editors, pantaloned and petticoated—*will*, and there's no telling who *won't*, be there. There will be collected at this Mecca of the world of fashion, every odor of floral loveliness, from the blue-eyed morning-glory to the magnificent aloe, blooming but once in an hundred years; and every pattern of ladies' walking-sticks, from the gnarled crab-tree of Bond street to the exquisite witch-hazel of the Boulevard Italian or Broadway. In spite of the times, the coming season promises to be a brilliant one."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 27, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost *en masse* around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RETRENCHMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON,

OF BELFAST.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford, and also the Towns and Plantations composing Oxford Senatorial District, are requested to send Delegates to a Convention to be holden at the COURT HOUSE in PARIS, on *Thursday, the tenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.* for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and other County Officers to be supported at the ensuing election.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each: over fifty and under one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and under two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and under four hundred, four; over four hundred, five Delegates each.

Per order of the County Committee.

June 16, 1843.

Lincoln County Democratic Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, are hereby requested to meet at the Court House in Wiscasset, on Thursday the sixth day of July next, 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting four Candidates to be supported for Senators to the next Legislature, a candidate for County Treasurer, and a candidate for County Commissioner.

In accordance with a vote passed at the last Democratic County Convention, authorizing the County Committee to fix upon a basis of representation for the next Convention, the following has been adopted, viz:—All towns and regularly organized Plantations, having 1500 inhabitants and under will send *one* delegate each—Towns having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send *two* delegates—over 3000 and not exceeding 4500, *three*, and so on in the same ratio. Plantations organized for the purpose of voting and not entitled to separate representation, but may vote, for the choice of Delegates, in any towns where they are entitled to vote for Governor.

The 4th Congressional District being composed of the whole of Lincoln County and a part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties, and the District so composed, being without a Democratic District Committee, the Convention, at the above time and place, will select a Congressional District Committee, on the part of the Lincoln County Towns, for the purpose of conferring with a Democratic Committee from the Oxford and Kennebec towns, in relation to calling the next Congressional District Convention, and fixing the basis of representation for that Convention.

HENRY W. OWEN, *Chairman.*

MARSHALL SMITH, *Secretary.*

FOURTH OF JULY.

This day is near at hand, and we are happy to hear that the inhabitants in different places are making preparations to celebrate it in a becoming manner.—At Norway, there is to be a celebration; and we hear, likewise, that there will be one at Greenwood. This is the 68th anniversay of our National Independence and it is a day long to be remembered and firmly cherished in the bosom of every patriot. Who can look back on the events of the 4th of July, 1776, when but half these United States resolved on "Liberty or Death"—resolved to conquer or perish, without feelings not merely of pride and glory, but with those of sympathy, gratitude, and love of country. No man should suffer the day to pass without either reading, or hearing read, the Declaration of Independence and the events which accompanied that occasion. This will give the history of those times which tried "patriot souls;" and which led them to choose freedom rather than bondage. This will teach both young and old, the price of those blessings we now enjoy. This, and what soon followed, will teach us all, what an inheretence has been bequeathed to us, purchased with the blood of thousands. And if the lesson should *teach us properly*, it will incline us more and more to use every effort to maintain union, and avoid every thing of a distracting nature. We would ask, for the benefit of ourselves and posterity, a greatful remembrance of this day; and that Providence would ever smile upon it.

PROTECTION.

The Journal has at last attempted to answer the question we proposed some two or three weeks ago. We say attempted, for it has not answered the question proposed. The Journal says:

"Two farmers living in the same vicinity, and under the same government, may perhaps exchange productions to advantage, and so both of them can with the hatter, the shoemaker, the cloth maker, &c. in their own neighborhoods, but this is a poor illustration of exchanges between nations, and especially with those nations which *tax our productions heavily in their ports.* If the two farmers lived three thousand miles apart the case would be somewhat different.

The case supposed above is that of two equals who have different farms, and each produces what the other cannot. This is not the case with our exchanges with those countries whence we import the most. We can produce the same things they do: and the only reason why we cannot do it as cheaply as they, is because they pay so much less for their labor. If we could reduce labor here as low as they do there, we should want no protection; but we do not desire, in this free country, to reduce the laboring man to the same condition as in Europe. We prefer to tax the foreign production, so that the domestic producer may get more for his labor.

Now let us see what would be the operation of the Democrat's policy of free trade upon the counties of Oxford and Franklin. Under the protecting policy we could in time persuade more of the people of those counties to manufacture many of the articles they now import; and in time they might establish all along up the Androscoggin and on the Sandy river, mills, factories, tanneries, &c. say half a dozen woolen factories on the Androscoggin and as many more in Farmington, New Sharon, &c. These would make a constant market, not only for a great deal more wool, than is now raised there, but for beef, pork, veal, mutton, hay, potatoes, turnips, apples, pasturage, and fifty other things which cannot be exported at all in any event: besides making work for carpenters, blacksmiths, teamsters, brick-makers, and stone quarriers; also for tailors, traders, &c. &c. all of which must live upon the the produce of the farmer.—This is our policy."

The Journal then goes on to make a supposition that if our views were adopted, no manufactories could be established—none of our articles exported—we could not find even a home market for our surplus productions—and Franklin and Oxford must be great sufferers.

We readily acknowledge that the consequences, of which the Journal has spoken as arising from our policy, are grievous. They are truly blighting to our prospects and must be ruinous to our farmers and to the whole population of our country. But we do not acknowledge that our policy of raising no more taxes on imports than would be necessary for the support of Government, would be productive of such results.

We consider the supposition that we made in regard to the adaptation of soils to particular productions, a good example to illustrate protection; and fully carried out will so illustrate it as to make it plain to any one. The Journal thinks the policy of mutual exchanges between farmers of the same Government may be advantageous; "but that this is a poor illustration of exchanges between different nations, and especially with those nations which tax our productions heavily in their ports." And says farther "that if the two farmers lived three thousand miles apart the case would be somewhat different." In answer to the Journal we would continue the supposition between the two townships or two farmers; and the analogy between them and two Governments. One farmer we suppose could raise rye, oats, and barley, on his soil, and the other could, with an equal amount of labor, raise what would be equal in value of corn, wheat, and potatoes. They mutually exchange—the one for the products of the other. If they were in contact, the expense of transportation would be trifling, and the exchange would be effected with facility. If they were three thousand miles apart, all other circumstances being the same, the only difficulty there would be in exchange, would be that of transportation; but this expense each would bear for himself without altering the value of his products.

Let us suppose further that one of these farmers has employed an agent to do his business and that he wishes to add enough to the value of his own productions, or subtract enough from the value of his neighbors to pay his agent and get his usual amount of exchange. The agent taxes the corn of the other farmer, or the privilege of bringing it in exchange, eight cents on a bushel; and receives this eight cents for services. The other farmer will think this example too good to be lost, so he taxes the rye of the former in the same proportion eight cents per bushel. Here the agent stands in the place of Government and taxation is originated to pay the one same as the other. The agent must be paid—Government must be paid. When one Government begins to tax another in order to support itself, the one taxed, whatever it may be, will follow the law of retaliation, and tax in the same proportion. This is the case the world over; and we all submit to it as a matter of expediency and even of right.

But suppose the farmer on the upland, by listening to the day-dreaming theories of visionaries, should be made to believe that he could raise his own rye; and that he was beside himself to depend on his neighbor for it. Why he would do just as Henry Clay and his coadjutors wish to do with the U S. farm. Every bushel of rye that came to his premises he would tax a hundred per cent. and toil, fret, and force himself to raise it; and would either go without it or be obliged to pay twice or thrice as much for it as it was worth. Here is the doctrine of protection in a nut shell. To force business, capital, and labor into unnatural channels, and strain and torture things from their natural course.—This system it is, which, though begun from elements so small, has done more to sink, degrade, and oppress the masses than all other systems put together. 'Tis this that perpetuates slavery—this that causes the half starved and half clothed peasantry of Europe—and it is this which is still making the most ruinous distinctions in society, at large.

☞ News has just arrived that Hon. HUGH J. ANDERSON was nominated for Governer, by the State Convention. Messrs. Kavanagh and Anderson were the only prominent candidates. So far as we are acquainted with the political reputation of Mr. Anderson, it stands fair and irreproachable; and, not only that, his private character, which is a matter of the first importance, is without blemish. We are happy to say that we shall use all honorable efforts to assist the nominee into the Gubernatorial office.

REPEAL.

By the Plebeian we learn that a mass meeting was held in the Park, and 20,000 persons were present.—The object was to assist the Ireland Repealers, and by their sympathies to cheer them onward. The following will give the reader some idea of the zeal and enthusiasm exhibited on the occasion. We must say we do not entirely sympathise with these over-wrought efforts to enlist our people in the cause of Ireland.—There is a time for all things. We doubt somewhat the propriety of stirring our people up at the present time, to take part in the affairs of another country, especially when our own are managed with so great a want of harmony and unanimity.

"Ganseroort Melville, Esq. then arose amid loud and long continued cheering, which must have told him how welcome he was to that vast assemblage. He commenced by saying that it was nearly dark and quite late, and after the eloquent efforts of the gentlemen who had preceded him, he thought that the most sensible thing that he could do would be to move an adjournment.—(Loud cries of no, no, from the whole meeting.) Shall I go on, (yes, yes, yes,) or shall I not. (Vehement cries of go on, go on.) Then I will go on. (Loud cheering) I need not say how heart-cheering the sight of this mighty multitude must be to every philanthropist—to every lover of liberty. It is convened upon the most public square of this great city—the metropolis of the Western world—the pulsatory artery of a continent—(Tremendous cheering)—and is attended by such an out-pouring of its populace as no man ever saw before. (Prodigious cheering.) It is a gigantic gathering of Repealers—a repeal meeting on a scale that may well strike terror to the hearts of tyrants. (Great cheering—cries of that's the talk.) Who is there here that is not convinced that the voting masses of the city of New York are not repealers? (Cheers.) The masses—the bone and sinew—the producers of wealth are repealers—heart and hand. (Deafening cheers.) Mr. Melville here referred in glowing terms to the long and intimate connection which has subsisted since 1776 between the Irish and American people. He said that Irish blood had been shed on every battle field from Bunker Hill to New Orleans. (Prolonged cheering.) Tracing the connection still farther, he spoke of Carroll, Carrollton and of the hero Montgomery, with a warmth, energy, and zeal which called forth prodigious plaudits, and imparted even an additional enthusiasm to the vast mass before him. Proceeding, he added that if Montgomery slept any other sleep than the sleep of death, the hoarse ocean-like murmur of this mighty multitude would rouse him from his slumbers and startle his awakened sense as if the tones of an archangel's trump had summoned him back to life. (Immense cheering) He would be here in our midst; and why? Because this is a gathering to further the cause of liberty in that green island from which he was driven by oppression. (Cheers) It is held upon the soil for which he poured out his heart's blood, and composed in part of those with whose fathers he fought and bled and died. (Most enthusiastic cheers.) We remember all this—we remember similar instances, and if Sir Robert Peel carries into effect his threat of coercion and kindles the flame of civil war in Ireland, WE tell him, and we tell in tones that will reach him, that America has gold to lavish, blood to shed, and martyrs to offer up for the cause of human freedom there. (Universal shouts and yells of approbation, waving of hats by the whole mass, and a sensation that we will not attempt to describe.)

"Mr. Melville continued for some ten minutes, in a similar, high-toned and effective strain, when, interspersing his remarks with facts and arguments, the audience being excited to the highest pitch, he concluded nearly as follows: The cause of Ireland is one, and identical with the cause of freedom the world over, (loud cheers,) and most especially is her cause—OUR CAUSE. (Great cheering.) We, Irish Repealers and friends of Ireland, here assembled, acting under a sense of the responsibility that we incur, impelled by a love of right and an unmitigated hate and scorn of wrong, (bursts of applause,) sustained by our conscientious convictions, here pledge ourselves, in the sight of both God and man, each to the other, all to each, and each to all, that come what may—darkness, defeat, despair, and desolation, the sun-burst, or the cloud—that we will never falter in the support we give her. (Terrific cheers and waving of hats, followed by one stern shout of applause.) We will aid her, if need be, with our all—we will uphold her to the last—we will stick to her whatever the result. (A storm of shouts.) Our position is taken and we'll maintain it. (Cries of we will, we will.) Our determination is fixed, and we'll not abandon it. Our trust is on high and, we'll not be false to it.—(Universal sensation, followed by stunning applauses.) Justice to Ireland is our cry—Justice to Ireland is our object, and Justice to Ireland we will have—then

Friends of freedom, close your ranks,
Foes of freedom, Fough n-ballagh.

"The cheering here was overwhelming; it rose and swelled and rose again for several minutes. In the midst of the cheering the speaker took his seat."

RIOT ON THE LACHINE CANAL.—The Montreal papers speak of a riot which has been caused by the workmen on this Canal striking for higher wages.—They demanded three shillings per day, and threatened to take the lives of the contractors if they did not give it. No exertion could quell the riot, and as a last resort, they called out a small detachment of the 74th Regiment. The riot act was read and the rioters still refusing to disperse, were fired upon by the troops. Several were killed and wounded. They then scattered in all directions and annoyed the troops as much as possible. At the last accounts more troops were sent for, and the rioters had not dispersed.

The following "cold bath" was poured upon the people of Boston by the Atlas, just previous to the President's arrival. It is as frigid as Nova Zembla, but characteristic of Whiggery. The proposal has not received any approbation from the people, who look upon it as ignoble revenge for supposed injury.

"☞ We wish that, so far as the Whigs are concerned, the reception of Mr. Tyler, and the attentions paid him while in the City, may be as cold and formal as is consistent with a decent regard for the high and official station which he holds. We would desire that, from the Whigs at least, there may be no running after him—no shallow curiosity to see him—no crowding after an introduction to him—and no fawning or flattering addresses or sentiments, uttered under the necessity of saying something. A cold, formal, and ceremonious respect is all that John Tyler has a right to expect, at the hands of the Whigs of Boston. Its very frigidity would be a keen reproof to a susceptible mind. On the other hand, let there be no open indignity offered any where in Boston, to the President of the United States. Whether he is in the Hotel, in which he is to lodge—in the public assembly, or on the public highway, let there be no insulting act, or word, or look, towards him. Let us remember that we are the people and he is the President.',

"The New Mirror."—Every breeze wafts to us some flattering encomium on this new work. We have not yet seen a single number, but suppose it must be a beautiful, as well as entertaining publication. When we get a number, if it should prove as worthy as others have represented it—and as acceptible to us as to our contemporaries—we will recommend it to public favor.

Preeminent.—The editor of the Eastern Argus, with characteristic meanness, is still whining about the Oxford Democrat. He talks very much as if he had the dropsy and had just taken a dose of quicksilver, in a room impregnated with the fumes of sulphurritted hydrogen. He utters sentences with about the same sense and length that brother Severence's animal did when he subjected him to the process of Animal Magnetism. But for all this, brother Case is preeminent in some respects. He is preeminent for having boxed the political compass—preeminent for dictatorship—preeminent for his qualities of repulsion, which have with the greatest uniformity kept all his political sentiments at a respectful distance from every Democratic paper in the State—preeminent for his organ of combativeness, for he has quarrelled with nearly every Democratic paper, and nearly all have likewise discarded him as a dishonorable opponent, a treacherous friend, and an ignoble competitor. We feel mortified and ashamed that the Eastern Argus should have a man to conduct it, of whom so many say, "He is weak, rotten, and corrupt;" and glories in the game he is playing, with the assistance of F. O. J. Smith.

Sandwich Islands.—Not a paper reaches us from any quarter, which does not express the strongest indignation at the course of Great Britain in taking possession of these Islands. It is called a wicked assumption of power—vile oppression and outrageous usurpation. We should be as forward as any of our cotempories in execrating the British Government, if we really supposed that Lord Paulett had taken possession of these Islands in the name and by the authority of the British nation. But we cannot believe that an act so greatly unjust, so impolitic and tyrannical, and one so certain to excite the belligerent feelings of the United States and France, would be deliberately perpetrated with the consent of British authority. Time will soon render this thing certain.—And if it should eventually appear that England has taken these Islands into her possession—appropriated the land and adopted the inhabitants as subjects, it will be time, high time not only to remonstrate against such usurpation, but also to demand that these Islands shall be restored to liberty. And should the demand not be acquiesced in, it should be enforced with all the energies of the nation.

Voice of New Hampshire.—It is said that New Hampshire is in favor of Mr. Van Buren for Presidency. If this be true, we know that one of her most gifted, as well as illustrious sons, is in favour of Mr. Calhoun. Not only so, her recent State Convention did not pass any vote recommending Mr. Van Buren for that office, although an effort was made to do so. The convention adopted resolutions commendatory of all the prominent candidates, and determined to support the nomines of the National Convention.

"Bangor Democrat."—The last number of this able Democratic journal comes to us in a new and beautiful dress, and makes a very fine appearance.—The Democrat is now in its sixth volumn and bids fair for a long life. May you prosper in the cause you so ably advocate.

The Bowdoin Estate.—In the Justice's court, says the Boston Post, was entered the action of the President, &c., of Bowdoin College *vs.* Robert C. Winthrop and Amos Cotting, for a forcible entry on the premises at the corner of Beacon and Bowdoin streets, in April last, now commonly known as the "disputed territory."—Counsel retained: For the college—Jeremiah Mason, Simon Greenleaf, C. G. Loring, R. Canfe, B. F. Hallett, B. R. Curtis, and P. W. Chandler. For the heir of Gov. Bowdoin—Daniel Webster, Franklin Dexter, W. C. Alwyn, J. R. Adan, and C. C. Paine. The case stands continued as a matter of course, and we shall probable hear no more of it in the Justices' Court.

Return of the President to Washington. The New York Journal of Commerce of Thursday, says: The President, accompanied by the Secretaries of the Treasury, War and Navy—the Postmaster General—the President's two sons, Robert and John Tyler, Jr.—and the ladies of the party—arrived from Boston this morning at 6 o'clock, breakfasted at Howard's and left in the 9 o'clock cars for Philadelphia, on their way to Washington. They were prevented from completing their intended tour by the sudden and lamented decease of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare, Attorney General, and Acting Secretary of State. The President appeared to be in excellent health.

A Profitable Cow. The Wheeling Times says, "a cow, known to be extraordinary for milk, owned by S. Sprigg, Esq., of this city, and kept at his farm four miles out, which has been under trial for some weeks to ascertain how much milk she would give per day, during the six days of last week, gave *nine gallons* and a fraction each day, or *fifty five* gallons during the six"

Repeal.—The Repealers of New York city forwarded to the Dublin Repeal association by the Acadia, £500. Philadelphia sent £206, Boston, £100.

DEATH OF MR. LEGARE.

We learn from the Boston Times Extra, that Hon. Hugh S. Legare, Attorney General of the United States and acting Secretary of State, died yesterday morning, at a quarter to six o'clock, at the house of a friend, George Ticknor, Esq. in Park street. Mr. Legare died of indigestion, or stoppage in the bowels, and has been very unwell since his arrival in Boston or Friday last.—He was present in the reception room of the President on that day, and since that period, has been entirely secluded and prostrated on a bed of sickness.

His attending physician was Dr. Bigelow of Boston. Mr. Legare was a resident of Charleston, South Carolina, a most ripe scholar, a distinguished and classic orator of eminent legal attainments, and universally beloved and respected. He has left a large circle of friends to mourn his sudden death, which took place at a distance from the familiar scenes of home, though he was surrounded by all the comforts and consolations which sympathizing friends here could impart to his dying bed. He was a warm personal friend of the President, who with his sons and members of the Cabinet and suite are deeply affected.

The President, who is now almost entirely prostrated by his late fatiguing tour and unusual exertions, has received a new cause of depression in the death of Mr. Legare. He returned from Lowell on Monday evening harrassed and worn out, and retired to bed at an early hour, and was exceceedingly feeble yesterday morning. He was not able to attend the levee of Hon. David Henshaw, on Monday evening, or any other party.

The anticipated arrangements for leaving Boston will not take place. The President and suite were to remain in town yesterday, and the President kept himself entirely secluded for the day.

No arrangements had been made in relation to the order of the funeral.

From the Boston Post of Friday.

MURDER OF WARDEN LINCOLN.

Yesterday afternoon, the State Prison, at Charlestown, was the theatre of a most sudden and dreadful murder. A little after five o'clock, Mr. Lincoln the warden, in company with Mr. Moses Jaquith of this city, went into the shoemaker's shop for the purpose of seeing a prisoner named Thorn on some private business, but just as Mr. Lincoln was about to speak to Thorn, Abner Rogers, another prisoner, who stood a little behind Mr. L., stepped up and plunged a shoeknife into his back. Mr. L. then turned to face the assassin, who followed up the assault by stabbing him in the neck. The blow severed the carotid artery, and Mr. L. died almost instantly, without uttering a word.

Before he received the mortal wound, he had raised his sword cane to Rogers, who, after striking the last time dropped his knife and seized the cane. Several of the convicts spontaneously sprang to Mr. L's assistance, and wrested the cane from Rogers, whom they seized and secured, but not until the sword-cane had been broken in the scuffle.

Notwithstanding the sudden and astounding nature of the tragedy, no confusion arose in the shop. After lending the necessary aid to Mr. Sargent, officer of the shop, and Mr. Jaquith, the prisoners returned to their employments.—Rogers, who is under sentence for six months as a second-comer, has been somewhat refractory of late, and was yesterday forenoon subjected to the discipline of the shower-bath. His present sentence will expire on the 29th of September.

Nathan Fiske Esq. of Cambridge, coroner, held an inquest in the office of the prison last evening; and, after a brief examination of Mr. Jaquith, two of the officers and Dr. W. J. Walker, the Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder.

Chap. 144, sec. 43 Rev. Stat., provides that all crimes committed in the state prison may be tried either in Suffolk or Middlesex. In the meantime, Rogers will probably be kept in the cell to which he was committed immediately after the murder. He has expressed no remorse for his crime.

The deceased, Charles Lincoln Jr., was 47 years of age, and had held the office of Warden 11 years. He has left a wife and eleven children.

The Locusts. A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser, writing from Livingston, states, that on Sunday the bushes were alive with them. As yet they fly feebly, and often become a prey to ducks, hens, pigs and cats. These locusts are it appears, quite harmless, eat little or nothing, and are very different from the locusts of Asia.

☞ The Calais Journal gives an account of a disgraceful affair which occurred the 3d inst., on the line. John Tobin, an American, was seized at the Toll House by ruffians, carried over the bridge into a field in the Province, and after being stripped was kept upon the cold ground for an hour and then tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated. As Tobin protested at the time so he was proved to be innocent of the offence with which he was charged, informing against smuggling. The ruffians are supposed to be Provincials.—*Bangor Democrat.*

From the Daily American of June 24.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

We are indebted to one of the delegates to the State Convention for the following meagre sketch of the most important of the proceedings of the Convention held on Tuesday at Bangor.

President.

HON. NATHAN CLIFFORD.

Vice Peesidents.

M. J. Talbot, Esq of Machias.
Dr. J. Bates, of Norridgewock.

Secretaries.

John Appleton, Esq. of Portland.
John True, Esq. of Bangor.

On the first ballot for a candidate for Governor, the whole number of votes thrown was 299. Of these Hon. Hugh J. Anderson had 162, Hon. Edward Kavanagh 124, and there were 13 scattering.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast,

was thereupon declared the democratic candidate for Governor.

We understand that a vote was passed expressive of the preference of a majority of the convention for Mr. Van Buren as the Democratic candidate for the next presidency. As our informant left the session, however, before the final decision, we are unable to give particulars.

Charles Stetson, Esq. of Penobscot county, and Stephen Emery, of Oxford county, were chosen delegates at large to the National Convention.

We have only time now to express the high gratification with which we run up to our mast-head the name of Mr. Anderson. We shall enter into the contest for him most heartily.

A good joke.—The Journal of Commerce has the reputation, (with how much truth we will not say,) of being "on both side" in political matters; but an incident was related to us a short time since, which we consider too good to be lost: One of the editors of that print, while coming to this city in the steamer, amused himself with a game at chequers, in company with a waggish gentleman, sometimes seen about the steamboat office. During the game, the editor, puzzled at its intricacies, inadvertedly moved one of his opponent's men! "Take care, take care, Mr. A." said the gentleman, "you are not in the Journal office, just now! *you can't play on both sides in this game!*" The hit was so palpable as to set the whole cabin in a roar.—*New Haven Register.*

The following is from the American. It is laughable, of course:

"There was considerable fun afloat, of course. Every body's mouth seemed puckered up for a joke. As specimens:—One chap attempted to run across the street in front of the President's carriage. A wag screamed out—"Go it Botts!—head him or die;" whereat the person took great offence, and threatened to give him a flogging if he ever called him by the name of Botts again. This incident caused considerable mirth; and the President hit off a laugh in which he seemed inclined to indulge, by filling his mouth with cavendish, and working his jaws vehemently. Another anecdote is told by the People's Advocate. "While the Presidential procession was passing up Court street, a fence projecting into the street, caused an obstruction to the crowd, and they began very unceremoniously clambering over it. The person referred to was sitting on said fence like "patience on a monument," and not liking to be disturbed, exclaimed in an expostulating tone, but with imperturbable gravity, "Why do you trouble me? I don't belong to any party—*I'm on the fence.*"—These are but specimens of the frolic of the day."

The Argus, which beplasters Captain Tyler just enough to keep the official advertising, speaks of him as a "high minded Virginia gentleman." In our daily walks we meet with men shovelling dirt, whom we would not dare to insult by telling them they were no better or no more "high minded" than this "Virginia gentleman." To be sure they have no patronage to bestow, but on the other hand they have no treachery to answer for.—[Kennebec Journal.

☞ The following ludicrous petition was sent to the Commissioners of Excise for the port of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland, praying that the petitioners might be appointed inspectors:—

"And, whereas, we, your petitioners, will both by day and night, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch, and will carry, and will see and seize, all and more than all, and every thing and nothing at all of such goods and commodities as may be, can be, and cannot be liable to pay duty.

"And we, your aforesaid petitioners, will at all times and at no time, and times past, be *present and absent, and be backwards and forwards*, and behind and before, and may be every where and here, and there and no where at all.

"And we, your aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give information and notice, duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter as we know and don't know, and by the knowledge of ourselves and every one, and no one, and we will not rob or cheat the King any more than is now lawfully practised.

"And we, your aforesaid petitioners, and we are protestants, are gentlemen of reputation, we will fight for his family and acquaintances, as far and as much further as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

"Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us, both together.

Patrick O'Conner,
Blaney O'Brian,
Carney McHill."

A useful hint.—Instead of suffering the washerwoman to throw out the soap suds about the kitchen door, make her pour them, as made, into a barrel in your garden, and water your plants of all kinds with them.

☞ Here is a sentence beautifully rich in illustration and perfectly heart searching. It will be fun for some readers and gall to others:

"A grain of carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color will be perceptible, and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years. Just so, if a man cheats the printer, the stain will be forever visible on the minutes atom of a minute soul, and will leave a scent of rascality about an individual strong enough to make an honest man curl up his nose in disgust, and kick him out of his presence, if he cannot get rid of him by any other mode."

The Richmond Enquirer says: "We are free to say, that any man who now suffers his own aspirations to thwart the nomination of our party, or its success, will, in the language of our Convention, 'forfeit forever the confidence of the Republican party.' We apply this remark boldly—and care not where."

Disagreable predicament.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that a fellow some where about Front street, in that city, attempted to break into a house by crawling down the chimney. He got in easy enough, but when he had arrived down he became wedged so fast that he could neither "go ahead" nor "back out"—there he stuck, and was compelled to hallo most lustily for help, which soon came. A rope was thrown him, but he was so closely hugged in the *dark embrace*, that rope power wouldn't budge him,—it was therefore necessary to cut out the chimney wall nearly his entire length before he was released,

The National Intelligencer says it has evidence in its possession that the occupation of the Sandwich Islands, was an act of arbitrary power on the part of the British Captain Paulett, neither sanctioned or anticipated by the British Government, and that the whole proceeding will be disowned by that Government as soon as it is known.

House and barn burning, with other acts of disgraceful aggression, are said to be perpetrated on the Canada frontier. These crimes are charged generally upon citizens of the United States, but the probability is that they are the acts of Canadian refugees.

Floating Village.—A raft lately passed down the Alleghany river, at Pittsburg, very thickly populated. It had on board thirteen women, eight men, sixteen children, five horses, three dogs, and four framed shantees. A perfect *raft*, and no mistake.

Commemorated.—Mr. Dickens' visit to the "Five Points" is now perpetuated by a street sign, "*Dickens' Place,*" on one of the most noted corners of that Pandemonium.

The Swededborgians of Providence have commenced building a temple there, and are about to apply to the Legislature of Rhode Island for an act of incorporation.

☞ The Gardiner Ledger says that Elihu Burritt, Esq., the learned blacksmith, will be present and address the Mechanics' State Convention in that town, on the 9th of August next.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) Recorder says Mr. Clay's chance for a *nomination* decreases daily—his chance of an *election, twice* a day.

Oxford Association of Sacred Music.

This Association will meet at the *Meeting House*, on *Paris Hill*, on *Saturday, the 8th of July, at 2 o'clock, P. M.*, for singing and other purposes. All persons interested in Vocal and Instrumental Sacred Music, are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of Counsellors.

Stephen Emery.

Paris, Maine.

Funny.—The Mormon paper, called the Nauvoo Neighbor, is out pell-mell on what it calls the Miller humbug, and expresses great surprise at the rapid growth of fanaticism in this country. How queerly Joe Smith must have looked while reading it.

MARRIED.

In Rumford, by L. Rawson, Esq. Mr. Alfred Lufkin to Miss Dorcas Howe, both of Rumford.

In Norway, by John Dennett, Esq. Mr. Uriah H. Upton to Miss Hannah C. Noble, both of Norway.

In Augusta, Mr. John Parsons, of Harrison, to Miss Maria Brackett, of Augusta.

In Minot, Mr. Asa Bearce, Jr. to Miss Lucy G. Bridgham, both of Minot.

DIED.

In this town, 20th inst., Miss Angeline C. Tuttle aged 18 years.

In Norway, 22d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Cobb, relict of Mr. Ebenezer Cobb, in the 24th year of her age.

In East Livermore, Uriah B. aged 19 years and 7 months, only son of Capt. Nathan Wellington.

In Denmark, Asa, only son of Simeon Bucknell, aged 5 years.—Henry W. only son of Mr. B. Brackett, aged 17 years.

In Dedham, Capt. Lewis Coburn, aged 91, a pensioner of the United States

In Reading, 17th inst. Deacon Benjamin Pratt, aged 84 years and 6 months, a revolutionary soldier. He was in the battle of Lexington, Bunker Hill and White Plains.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss;

TAKEN on Execution (the same having been attached on the original Writ) and will be sold at public Vendue at the dwelling house of Joseph Child, of Hartford, in said county, on Saturday the 19th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.,—All the right which Oliver F. Berry of said Hartford, has in equity to redeem a certain piece or parcel of land situated in said Hartford bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the North West corner of Lot numbered 10, in the 9th Range of Lots in said town; thence South 55 rods and 1|2 to a stake and stones; thence East to a stake and stones across the second brook; thence North 55 rods and 1|2 to a stake and stones; thence West to the first mentioned bounds, containing 40 acres more or less.

Said premises were mortgaged on the 5th day of June, 1838, to Winslow Hall to secure the payment of $50 on the 15th of September, 1839, and $50 in one year from said 15th of September, with interest.

JESSE DREW, Deputy Sheriff.

June 26th, 1843. 3w8

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Auction, at the Store of Hubbard & Marble in Paris, in said county, on Saturday, the fifth day of August next, at ten of the clock A. M.,—All the right which James N. Waldron, of Buckfield, in said county, has in equity to redeem his homestead Farm in said Buckfield, which was mortgaged by him to James Jewett, August 1, 1840, to secure the sum of $425 and interest, as per record in Oxford Registry Book 50, page 523.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Dep. Sh'ff.

Paris, June 26, 1843. 3w8

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure on the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner.

Turner, June 12th, 1843. 3w8

Notice.

THIS may certify that I have this day given to my son, Samuel Dolloff, his time until he is twenty-one years of age, with power to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

ABNER DOLLOF.

Attest:—Welcome Kinsley.

Woodstock, June 24th, A. D. 1843. 3w8

Wanted,---Immediately,

IN payment for the Democrat, a quantity of good FLEECE WOOL, for which a fair price will be paid.—June, 1843. is tf

Notice.

CAME upon tillage land of the subscriber on his farm in Turner about the 3d of May, 1843, eighteen logs respectively described by the following marks, viz:—

K; V; W; T; VTR; T; 1 EO; T; JJM; IXI; RDD; HJ; LM; W; M O; N P. The owner or owners thereof are requested to pay charges and damages and remove the same.

JAMES D. GILBERT.

June 10th, 1843. *3w7

OUR MOTTO.

"A nimble Sixpence is better than a slow Shilling."

THE subscribers (having altered and enlarged their Store,) have just received from Boston and other sources and are now opening a complete assortment of

ENGLISH, FRENCH, SCOTCH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

Which (agreeably to the above motto) will be offered to the public for CASH, or ready pay, cheaper than they ever bought before;—so cheap that there will be no necessity of defying competition. Among which are the following, viz:—

BROADCLOTHS from $2 to $6. **CASSIMEERS** from 62 1|2 cts to $1,75. **SATTINETTS** from 40 cts to 75 cts per yard. Fig. and plain Silks, Alapines, Poliermes, Parisetins, Chusans, Challies, Figured and plain M. D'Laine, Printed and plain Lawns, Alapaca Serge,—Silk, M. D'Laine and common **SHAWLS**, Fancy Handkerchiefs and Cravats; Silk, Mohair, Fillet, Kid and Cotton Gloves and Mitts. Lace, Chantilla and Mohair Veils. A great variety of **PRINTS** from 4 to 20 cts per yard. Furniture patch from 4 to 12 1|2 cents; Manchester and common Ginghams, Col'd Cambricks, a good article for 6¼ cents. Plain and fig'd Lace, Edgings, Insertion footings, Knitting cotton, Victoria spool cotton for one cent. Linen table covers; pure white Linen from 40 cents to $1,00; Linen Handkerchiefs, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Cambricks, Linen Cambrick and Cambrick Muslin and corded Cambrick and Muslins. Green Barrage; Rouen Gussey; Ashburton Stripe;—Krimlin cord, Gamboon, Kentucky Jean, Linen Drilling, Jacket Linen, Drillings and other Goods for Summer Pants and Coats.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, &c,

Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings, Shirtings and Drillings, cheap as the cheapest.

Cotton warp Yarn a first rate article, No. 10 at 20 cents and other numbers in proportion.

BONNETS.

Palm Leaf, Common Straw, Dunstable, Victoria and Florence Bonnets from 17 cents to $1.

SHOES & BOOTS.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens Shoes of all kinds and prices. Gentlemens and Boys thin Shoes and Boots, cheap enough.

HARD WARE AND CUTLERY. CROCKERY & GLASS WARE.

PAINTS & OILS. DRUGS & MEDICINES.

LIME for $1.40 cts; **PLASTER** $2,50. FLOUR constantly on hand at Portland prices, cartage added. Implements of Husbandry, such as Ploughs, Shovels, Manure Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Bush Scythes, and the Wayne Scythes by the dozen or single at reduced prices. **PORK & MACKERELL** by the Bbl. or in smaller quantities, &c. &c. &c.

A Good Assortment of GROCERIES.

All of which will be offered at wholesale or retail, at such prices as will satisfy any, who may give us a call, that we do not mean to be UNDERSOLD.

...WANTED...

WOOL, FOR which Cash or, Goods will be paid.—Also, Butter, Eggs and Produce of all kinds in exchange for Goods at fair rates.

HALL & DOW.

Norway Village, June 13th, 1843 1s4w6

The following lines were written on the death of a beloved parent. They are not given to the public as a specimen of correct and systematic poetry; but as a sample of kind, moral feeling, and a proper tone of moral sentiment. The parent was one who had been a kind father and had lived to a good old age—a large portion of whose years had been devoted to the service of his Maker. The fair author, though long confined at home in consequence of disease, was barely able to visit her father as he was about to depart.—The scene must have been affecting; but it soon closed. His spirit fled; but the memory of his kindness is still verdant in the hearts of his children.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED FATHER.

BY J. S. KING.

Dear father, thou art gone,
We ne'er shall more
Behold thy face upon
This earthly shore—
Thou art gone from earth to dwell,
But we trust with thee 'tis well,
And that in Heav'n thy soul
Doth brightly shine.

Many dear friends are left
Thy loss to mourn—
Dear father thou wilt ne'er
To us return;
Beneath the luxuriant sod
Thy tender body's laid,
Thy happy spirit's fled
To worlds on high.

Dear father, how could we
Our loss sustain,
Did we not think our loss
To thee, is gain;
Thy toils and pains are o'er,
Thou hast gained that blissful shore
Where sorrow can no more
Be known by thee.

Kind mother, thou art now
A widow left,
Of one you held most dear
You are bereft,
But God, in whom you trust,
Will give the mourner rest,
May you be ever blest
With his presence.

O, dearest Lord, wilt thou
To her draw near,
And may she have thy smiles
Her heart to cheer,
Be thou her friend indeed,
Her help in time of need,
And gently wilt thou lead
Her on in peace.

And when thou shalt see fit
To call her home,
O, wilt thou smooth her passage
To the tomb,
May she enter that rest
Prepared for all the blest,
On Jesus' smiles to feast
Eternally.

Brothers and sisters, we
Are now deprived
Of a kind father, whom
We dearly loved,
'Tis hard with one to part,
That dwells so near the heart,
But God, when he sees fit,
Does right to take.

This world, we all well know,
Is not our home,
But we must try a world
To us unknown,
Then while we sojourn here,
May we live in God's fear,
To Jesus' feet keep near
While life shall last.

NEW BOOTS.

Of all the troubles here below,
The werry wust I knows on,
Is the insinivatin' way
A new boot always goes on.

You goes and tries it on, you does,
It seems a perfect fit,
And lets you walk a square at least,
Before it hurts a bit.

You FEELS IT THEN, I feels it now,
Your foot seems all on fire;
You vants to lay down in the mud,
You almost HAS to swear.

You wants to kick each man you meets,
You do kick all the dogs—
The little niggers in the mud,
You treats them vus nor hogs.

You vants to kick each man you meets,
You do kick all the dogs—
The little niggers in your way,
You treats them vus nor hogs.

The vorld to you is one vast boot,
With naught but pain insido it—
If such a thing as joy there is,
You vonders vere they hide it.

Boots causes half our misery,
And more than half our crimes,
For tight-fits sour the werry best
Of tempers at such times.

An English newspaper tells about an occurrence which took place in the city of Rhode Island, State of New England, United States. The editor of that paper was well acquainted with geography.

"Little boy," said a religious old lady to a ragged urchin in the street, "were you ever confirmed?" "No marm," replied he, "but I was *vaccinated* once."

Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.

WHEREAS, the undersigned holds a Mortgage Deed executed to Jefferson Coolidge by one Henry Goding then of Jay in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, dated the fifteenth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, of a part of two lots of land situated in the town of Livermore on the West side of the Androscoggin River and numbered one hundred and fifty and one hundred and fifty-one, according to the original plan of said town, to secure the payment of two notes of hand amounting in the whole to the sum of one hundred twenty dollars and fifty cents, which notes of hand together with the promises are particularly described in said Mortgage Deed, which is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County Book 36, page 393 The said Mortgage Deed and said notes have been duly assigned to the subscriber, and the assignment has been duly recorded in said Registry, Book 64, page 518, and may be referred to. Said notes of hand being wholly unpaid and the condition of said Mortgage Deed broken, the undersigned, assignee aforesaid, claims to have possession of the mortgaged premises to foreclose the same for breach of the condition of said Mortgage.

GRANVILLE CHILD.

Livermore, November 18, 1839. tbr3w7

$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Physician who will produce a better Compound for Family use than the

GENUINE DUTCH OR

GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

STYLED

THE LION OF THE DAY.

☞TO the inhabitants of the United States and the Canadas—The Pills, well called the Lion of the Day, are respectfully recommended to the attention and trial of all those subject to the attacks of *Bilious, Dyspeptic*, and other Chronic diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. These Pills have long been without a successful rival in Germany, and throughout Europe, and many years in various parts of the United States, by the most eminent Physicians, as a Family Medicine.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the Vegetable kingdom. They are warranted safe in their operation and effects. They are simple in their preparation, mild in their effects, and unrivalled in their results. They have long received the most flattering recommendation from the Medical Faculty; such men as Dr. Mott, and Dr Guernsey, of N. York; Dr Delamater, Dr Hossack, and Dr Landon, of Dutches county; and Hon. B. Peck, M. D., of Glen Falls—these men have long stood at the head of their profession.

Again: gastic irritation debilitates the digesting organs and becomes a fruitful source of diseases in some people *Dyspepsia*, in others, *Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Hypochondria, Asthma, Gout, Piles, Epilepsy, Low Spirits, Chronic Diarrhœa, Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Eruption of the Skin, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Yellow and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Heartburn, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Humors, and all Bilious complaints.* These different complaints are each, one and about the same, followed by a train of others, equally as detrimental, and perhaps fatal to human life. Like bad legislation, one bad law must be supported by others equally as injurious to the prosperity of the State. A perfectly healthy body is like a well tuned instrument, every string of which vibrates in unison, and the least injury to any one throws it into disorder.

These Pills are not intended as a thorough purgative, as some will have it; they are intended to strengthen the system that has run down, and regulate the whole human structure, and remove all obstruction and assist nature in its violated laws.

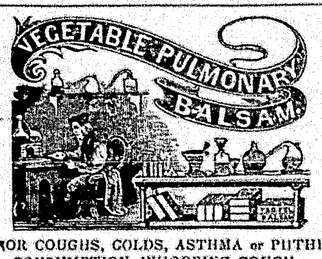
For sale in almost every town in the United States and the Canadas. Price 25 cts. *Directions* on each box.

Be sure when you purchase that you get the Lion of the Day, having the written name of Merritt Griffin on each box.

For full particulars, see small circulars deposited with each agent below mentioned.

AGENTS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

South Waterford, A. Houghton.
Lovell, Weeks & Kimball, and J. Walker.
Fryeburg, H. C. Buswell.
Brownfield, N. C. Rice.
Hiram, S. Flye.
Woodstock, J. Bicknell.
North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee.
South Paris, O. H. Paine.
Norway, W. E. Goodnow.
Oxford, Wm. F. Welch.
Canton Point, J. Hearsey.
Canton Mills, A. Barrows.
Dixfield, C. L. Eustis.
Mexico, J. M. Dolloff.
East Rumford, A. Bolster.
Rumford, A. K. Dnapp. O. C. Bolster.
East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
Hartford, W. Hall.
Jacksonville, C. Howe.
Porter, E. Bloss, Jr.
Sweden, B. Nevers.
And for sale in this place by Hubbard & Marble.
1y20 C. C. CORLISS, Travelling Agent.



FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA or PUTHISIC, CONSUMPTION, WHOOPING COUGH, and all Pulmonary Affections and Diseases of the Lungs, this is believed to be the most efficacious Medicine ever known in America, for proof of which we would refer to those who have used it, and to the numerous certificates of Physicians and others attached to the inside wrapper of each bottle.

Dr Amory Hunting of Franklin, Mass. writes that after having prescribed the usual remedies without relief, and having consulted with several eminent physicians, he has found the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam to have had the desired effect, and recommended it as a safe, convenient and efficacious remedy.

Dr. Thomas Brown, of Concord, N. H., writes that to his knowledge, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectations of those who have used it.

The public are particularly cautioned against the many *Counterfeits* or *Imitations* which have partially or wholly assumed the name of the genuine article.

☞Be assured that it is not genuine unless one or both of the written signatures of SAMPSON REED or WM. JOHN CUTLER, are found attached to a yellow label on a blue envelope. (All labels of and after the date of Dec. 1839, will have the written signature of Wm. J n'n Cutler.) Prepared by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Low & Reed,) wholesale Druggists, 54 Chatham Street, Boston; and sold by Druggists, Apothecaries and country merchants generally.

Price 50 cents.

PARIS, THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. ep1s19

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S

CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES,

CONSISTING OF

Vegetable Billious Bitters,
Vegetable Billious Pills,
Jaundice Mixture,
Hermorrhoidal, or Pile Powders,
Compound Strengthening Plaster,
Ointment for the cure of Cautaneous Eruptions, and Cough Mixture.

THESE Medicines are purely Vegetable, and extensively used in various parts of the United States, the British Provinces and the West Indies.

They are particularly intended for the removal of Chronic diseases, such as habitual or periodical head ache, Catarrh, Consumption of the lungs—various affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, urinary vessels, glands, &c. Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, and some of the preparations, viz: the Billious Bitters, Pills, Jaundice Mixture, and anti-acid preparations—when generally used will operate by opening obstructions, removing all morbid and offensive matter from the stomach and bowels, which he has reason to think is always their effect in all cases within the control of medicine. They operate as preventives in various Epidemical diseases, such as Intermittent, Inflamatory, Billious and common Typus fevers, Inflamations of the Lungs, Bowels, Pleura, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, &c. Also, as preventives to some contagious diseases, such as the Yellow, Scarlet and Putrid fevers, and although there are some contagious diseases which they are not capable, such as small pox, measles, hooping cough, &c., yet he, from many years experience, has become confident, that all who contract any of those diseases, while under the influence of these medicines, taken in s ch doses as to keep up and maintain a healthy action in the secretary and excretory vessels of the digestive organs, are but slightly effected, and are easily managed, whereas, on the contrary, doubtless in many cases, they would prove not only distressing, but uncontrolable and dangerous.

For a more full and particular description of disease, and the medicine to be applied, I beg leave to refer you to my circular in pamphlet form, which may be found wherever the medicines are for sale, and to the remarks accompanying them.

Agents—Oxford County.

HUBBARD & MARBLE, Paris Hill; A. Briggs, North Paris; J. Crockett, Norway Village; J. Wilson, Oxford;—Wm. Walker, Peru; Brock & Co., C. P. Bridgham, Buckfield; Wm. B. Bray, S. B. Holt, N. Turner; J. M. Dealon, Canton; J. Bicknell, Woodstock; Bretton & Washburn, Livermore; J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham, Pumford; G. S. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Dolloff, Mexico; L. S. Bumpass, Hebron; J. Parsons, C. H. Crafts, Minot; C. S. Packard, Auburn; C. Howe, Sumner.—[April 11, 1843. epoy49

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, at the store of Hubbard & Marble, in Paris, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-second day of July next, at two o'clock, P. M., all the right which Oren Daniels, of said Paris, has in equity to redeem the homested farm on which he lives, in said Paris, the same having been mortgaged to Abizer Andrews, January 10, 1840, to secure the payment of certain sums of money, as will appear by the records in said County, vol. 59, page 14.

Also, at the same place on the same day, at 3 o'clock, P. M., all the right which John Daniels, of said Paris, has, of redeming from the purchaser the equity of redemption in his homested farm, in said Paris, which equity was sold on execution against said John on the 24th day of February last, to Ebenezer G Rawson, for four hundred and eighty-five dollars and thirty-three cents, and for particulars of said sale, as well as a particular description of said premises, as also the amount secured by mortgage thereon, reference may be had to the record of deed of said sale recorded in the Oxford Registry, book 61 page 547.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Dept'y Sh'ff.

Paris, June 10, 1843. 3w6

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on execution, all the right in equity of redemption which David Bunker, of Canton, in the County of Oxford, has of redeeming the farm now occupied by him, which will be sold at public vendue, at the Inn of Ezekiel Martin, in Turner, in said County, on the sixth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

PHILLIPS TURNER, Dept'y Sh'ff.

June 5th, 1843. 3w6

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Calvin Bucknam, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that two months more from the thirtieth day of May, are allowed to creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and, that they will attend to that service at the house of Wid. Elizabeth Bucknam, in said Hebron, in said County, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of July next, from one to five o'clock of said day.

CALVIN BRIDGHAM, } Com'rs.
FEARING WILLIS. }

June 1st, 1843. 3w6

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, CHARLES YOUNG, Jr. of Paris in the County of Oxford, by his Mortgage Deed dated the thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1840, conveyed to me the easterly part of Lot number ten in the ninth Range of Lots in the town of Greenwood, for a more particular description of which reference may be had to the Registry of Deeds for said County, Book 59, page 22. The conditions of said Deed having been broken, the undersigned claims possession of said land therein described for the purpose of foreclosing the same.

POLLA RAWSON.

Paris, June 12, 1843. 6

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

THE subscriber, being Assignee of a Mortgage dated and given on the twenty-ninth day of April, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, by Oliver S. Cofran to Josiah Atherton, both of Waterford, of the following discribed land, hereby gives notice that the condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof a foreclosure is claimed, viz:—A tract of land situated in Waterford, being part of lot numbered nine in the ninth Range and the same which was conveyed to Josiah Atherton by Isaac Watson by his deed dated June 19, A.D. 1836, and recorded with Oxford Registry of Deeds Book 50, page 348. POLLA RAWSON.

Paris, June 12, 1843. 6

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Peter Morrill and Sally Morrill, of Peru, in the County of Oxford, on the third day of March, A. D. 1832, by their Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to me a certain lot of land, in the town of Peru, called Lunt's Grant, being lot numbered four in the second Range; for more particular description reference may be had to the Oxford Records Book 37, page 206; and, whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

POLLA RAWSON.

Paris, June 12, 1843. 6

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Samuel L. Bailey, of Peru, in the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1838, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to me a lot of land in Peru, being lot numbered thirteen in the ninth Range of lots in Thompson's Grant, so called; reference may be had for further description to Oxford Records, Book 56, page 147; and, whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

POLLA RAWSON

Paris, June 12, 1842. 6

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree from the United States District Court for Maine District, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the house of Isaac Hall, in Rumford, on Thursday, the 22nd day of June, inst., at ten o'clock A M the following property belonging to the estate of said Hall:

The right to redeem eight tons of Hay, mortgaged to Timothy Carter.

The right to redeem one Cow—one three years old Heifer—two Pigs—ten bushels of Wheat and twelve do of Corn, mortgaged to Lyman Rawson.

Also, other small articles borne upon the Schedule, which may be seen at my Office—Terms, Cash.

P. C. VIRGIN, Assignee.

Rumford, June 13, 1843. 2w6

Notice.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on or about the first of May last, two Yearlings—a Steer and Heifer—of a red colour. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

RUFUS STOWELL.

Paris, June 10, 1843. 3w6

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on two executions, the same having been attached on the original writs, and will be sold at public auction, at the store of Spring & Goodenow, in Brownfield, on Saturday, the twelfth day of August, A. D, 1843, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity Obadiah Clement, or Clark Clement, of said Brownfield, has, or had on the twenty-eight day of May, 1842, (the date of the above attachments,) in or to redeem the farms now occupied by the above named Obadiah and Clark Clement; the same being subject to a mortgage to Ira Towle, dated February 7th, 1842, to secute the payment of five hundred and fifty-seven dollars forty-six cents, and interest, recorded book 21, page 505, Oxford records Western District, to which deed reference may be had.

MERRILL WYMAN, Dept'y Sh'ff.

Fryeburg, June 12th, 1843. 3w6

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

JAMES WHITNEY,

late of Waterford, in said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months are allowed to the said creditors to bring in their claims and prove their debts from the date hereof; and that the Commissioners will be in session to receive and examine the same at the Office of Elbridge Gerry, in Waterford, the last Mondays of July, August, Sept. and Oct. next at one o'clock P. M.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, } Commissioners on
FARNUM JEWETT, } said Estate.

Waterford, May 23d, 1843. 3w6

Tailoring.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Paris, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by T. LITTLEFIELD, where he will carry on the *Tailoring business.* Those who may favor him with their patronage, may rely on having their work done in a neat and workman like manner and on reasonable terms. All garments made by him are warranted to fit. The subscriber hopes by his experience and constant attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Cutting done at the shortest notice.

WM. HEATH.

South Paris, April 16th, 1843. tf2

Treasurer's Notice,—*Denmark.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners of real estate in the town of Denmark, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same is taxed in Bills of Assessment bearing date June 4th, A. D. 1842, and were committed to Amos Poor, Collector of said town for A. D. 1842, and that said Collector has made his return of the several parcels hereinafter named upon which the State, County and Town taxes for A. D. 1842, are still due and unpaid, and no person having appeared within six months from the date of said assessment to discharge the same he has made and certified a true copy of so much of the Assessment as relates to the taxes due on such real estate, and I have caused the same to be duly recorded in a book kept for that purpose.

Names of persons taxed.		$ cts.
Jonas A Brown		1 13
Barabas Brackett		40 88
Barnabas Brackett & Co.	due	15 75
Benjamin Booth		1 50
Abraham Bachelder		1 88
Stephen & Elias Berry	due	5 01
Moses S Berry		8 25
Alfred Benton & Son		3 00
Henry D Corson		1 13
Luther Dugloss		3 90
Daniel Dugloss		75
Hazen O Frost		1 50
Jacob Frost		75
Harbert N. Frost	due	80
James Handen		56
Francis Haskill		53
John F. Hunt		6 68
Ira Jewett		3 88
Charles Kimball		30
Abraham Kimball		23
John Kimball		60
Asa Libby		38
Asahael F. Lowell		4 50
Joseph Milikin		3 38
William Martin		1 20
George Murphey		3 38
Simeon Mirifield		2 25
Thomas Pingree, Jr.		4 13
Joel Poor		2 25
John Richardson		53
Ivory Richardson		75
Elias Sanders		3 00
Daniel Stover		95
Peletiah Witham		1 80
Jacob Witham		1 13
Ephraim Walker		1 50
Timothy Walker		3 75
Caleb Warren		5 25
Samson Whiting		60
Oliver Whiting		1 50
Isaac R. Warren		2 63

SAMUEL GIBSON, Treasurer of Denmark for the year A. D. 1842.

Denmark, June 6th, 1843 3w7

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

WILL be sold under License from the United States District Court for Maine District, on Wednesday the fifth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at

PUBLIC VENDUE,

at the house of SIMEON LANE, in Oxford, Welchville Village, the property of William F. Welch, viz:—

The right in equity of redeeming three fourths of a lot of land in Greenwood, in said County, mortgaged to John Welch, Esq. for $100.

The right to redeem a lot of Logs in the Hogan Pond subject to mortgage to John Rubinson.

One wagon—two silver spoons—ten German silver spoons—a large number of notes, accounts and evidence of debt, a particular list of which may be seen with the subscriber.

—ALSO—

At the same time the right in equity of redemption which Simeon Dennen Junior, has in and to one half of Lot No. 3, Range 6, Division 2d, in the town of Oxford

Also, the property of Zebedee Pratt, at the same time and place, one wagon, and sundry notes and accounts, a list of which may be seen with the subscriber; and any other property of either of the above named individuals in the hands of the subscriber although not particularly named. Terms—Cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

June 14th, 1843. 3w7

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

WILL be sold at public Vendue, by virtue of a Decree of the United States District Court for Maine District, on Friday, the seventh day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the house of George Bridgham in South Paris Village,—The right to redeem Lot No 4, Range 5th, and 1st Division in Hebron, containing one hundred and fifteen acres, more or less, subject to mortgage to John Welch. Personal property—4 bedsteads—thirteen chairs—one carpet—set of knives and forks—one wagon harness—one wagon—single sleigh—two time pieces—sundry notes and accounts a list of which may be seen with the subscriber. Any other property which the subscriber has a right to sell as the Assignee of said George Bridgham in Bankruptcy, although not particularly enumerated.

Terms—Cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

June 14th, 1843. 3w7

Notice.

THIS may certify that I, William Norris, of East Livermore, County of Oxford, do hereby give to my son, Greenwood B. Norris, his time to transact business for himself; and I shall not be responsible for any debts contracted by him after this date or claim any of his wages. WM. NORRIS.

Attest—*Oliver Hayes.*

E. Livermore, June 17th, 1843. 3w7

GRAVE STONES.

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of WHITE MARBLE and SLATE GRAVE STONES, which he offers for sale as cheap as they can be bought in this State.

Persons wanting Grave Stones are invited to call at my shop before purchasing elsewhere.

CYRUS THOMPSON, Jr.

Hartford, June 13, 1843. eoply7

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to

Feb 14, 1842 tf

WRIGHT'S

☞INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS☜

Of the North American College of Health.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES. It is written in the book of nature and common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are, if properly applied, amply sufficient for the cure of every malady incident to that climate.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGEAABLE PILLS

are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil and are therefore better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as they are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth subject to

ONLY ONE DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, or in other words, impurity, and cure every form of this one disease, on natural principles, that is, by Cleansing and Purifying the Body, it must be plain to every reflecting mind that a perseverence in the use of the medicine, according to directions, will be absolutely certain to drive every malady from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, do we not drain it of its superabundant water? In like manner, if we would restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found a delightful medicine for carrying out this grand purifying principle, because they expell all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease, in an easy and natural manner, andwhile they every day,,

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits!

The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are cautioned against being deceived by medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, manufactured by one A. L. NOCROSS, who is travelling about the county, endeavoring by every artifice to palm off his worthless trash for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all genuine medicine has the title expressed in full on the sides of the boxes thus:—

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(INDIAN PURGATIVE)
Of the North American College of Health.

And that all Travelling Agents are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by *William Wright*, Vice President of the N. A. Coll. of Health. All travellers, therefore, who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate of Agency as above described, will be known as wicked imposters.

Purchasers will further remember that the counterfeiters in the hope of evading the law, have omitted the name of 'Wright' and substituted some other words in its place, the medicine must have the words

"*WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.*"

on the sides of the boxes; and that all with the above omissions are positively spurious.

And also round the borders of the label will be found in small type "Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

It will further be observed that the printed directions for using the medicine, which accompanies each box, are also entered according to Act of Congress; and the same form will be found at the bottom of the first page.

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT
Of the North American College of Health.

Thus it will be seen, that trifling attention on the part of the purchaser to the above particulars, will put an effectual stop to this wholesale robbery, and drive, it is hoped, all depredators upon society to an honest calling.

The following highly respectable persons have been appointed agents for the sale of the above invaluble medicine.

AGENTS.

Oxford County.

Andover, Lewis Crockett.
Albany, Jacob H. Lovejoy.
Bethel, Ira C. Kimball.
Bethel E., Elias M. Carter & Co.
Brownfield, Daniel Tyler.
Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood.
Canton Mills, J. M. Dealon.
Canton, Holland & Austin.
Dixfield, Chase & Eustis.
Dixfield E., H. J. Dakin.
Fryeburg, H. C. Buswell.
Fryeburg N. D. W. O'Brion & Co.
Greenwood, Joseph Stevens.
Hartford, Winslow Hall.
Hiram, Alpheus Spring.
Livermore, Strickland & Morrison.
Livermore N. J. Coolidge.
Livermore (Haine's Corner) Samuel R. Nelson.
Lovell, James Walker.
Mexico, James L. Dolloff.
Norway, Wm. E. Goodnow.
Norway N. Jonathan Swift.
Oxford, Charles Durell.
Paris, Thomas Crocker.
Paris N. Alanson Briggs.
Paris S. O. H. Paine.
Porter, John Higgins.
Rumford Point, J. H. Wardwell
Rumford Centre, J. Graham.
Rumford Falls, A. Bolster.
Sumner, Jeremiah Howe.
Sumner N. L. & R. Crocker.
Turner, J. Blake & Son.
Turner Centre, Mitchell & Bradford.

Price 25 cents per box with full directions.

☞All letters relative to the Pills must be addressed thus—*N. E. Office N. A. College of Health*, 198 Tremont St. Boston, Mass."

Principal Office, and General Depot, 169, Race st. Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. Purchasers must be particular and ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

Remember THOMAS CROCKER is the only authorized Agent for this Village. epoly18

Astonishing News!

"*THE TIME MAY COME WHEN CONSUMPTION WILL BE CLASSED WITH THE CURABLE DISEASES.*"—[R. BUTE, M. D., 1432.

THE subscriber announces the gratifying intelligence that he has received from England a large supply of

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE!

The only Compound known to the Medical Faculty which will effect a SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF THAT DREADFUL MALADY

CONSUMPTION,

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS.

Such as Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c.

For the last five years the HUNGARIAN BALSAM has been in extensive use in Great Britain, and throughout the Continent of Europe, where it has completely astonished the Medical Faculty, by its unparalleled success in the cure of

THE MOST HOPELESS CASES

of Consumption ever brought under their notice. In England it has cured thousands upon thousands—of all classes—in cases of the most dangerously Consumptive character—and the English papers are full of extravagant eulogiums upon it, and upon its distinguished author. In the Hospitals of Paris all other remedies have been thrown aside by order of the medical overseers.

The great merit of Dr. Buchan's Balsam is this—in all cases of Pulmonary complaints it gives IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

A single bottle will reveal its astonishing virtues, and open at once the fountain of health and strength to the afflicted.

TRY IT—TRY IT to-day—to-morrow is uncertain, and in case of life and death should never be appealed to.

IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE KNOWN WHICH CAN CERTAINLY CURE

CONSUMPTION.

☞The subscriber has been appointed by Dr. Buchan Sole Agent for the United States.

Price of the Balsam, only $1 per bottle, with full directions Dissertation on Consumption, Notices and Certificates of Remarkable Cures, &c.

DAVID F. BRADLEE,
Sole Agent for the United States.
62 COURT STEET 62
OPPOSITE THE HEAD OF BRATTDE STREET.

For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by

WM. E. GOODNOW,

Agent for the County of Oxford.

Merchants and others in want of any of the above, can be supplied as aforesaid.

Dec 26, 1842. 3tif

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to $1,00.
do Tin Foil, 25 50.
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth, $1,00 1,50, & 2,00
Work warranted.—March 28. tf 47

Administrators' & Guardians'

DEEDS for Sale at this Office.

ISSUE
MISSING

No. 10, Vol. 3, New

OXFORD DEM
PUBLISHED EVERY T
George W. S
EDITOR AND PRO
TERMS:—One Dollar and F
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted
the Proprietor not being accou
beyond the amount charged for
A reasonable deduction will be
vance, and no credit will be giv
than *three months*.
COMMUNICATIONS and LETTE
be *Post-Paid* to insure attention
Book and Job P
Executed with neatness

POETR

THE GREEN MOSS

BY MRS. AMELIA B.

Oh, my thoughts are away where m
Near the green mossy banks where
Where the bright silver fountain et
First laughing in sunshine, then sing
There oft in my childhood I've wat
Flinging up the cool drops in a sho
Till my small naked feet were all le
As I played on the bank where the

How soft, that green bank sloped
To the spot where the fountain gre
How cool was the shadow the lung
As they hung from the willow and
And then each pale lily that slept o
Rose and fell with the waves as if s
While my home 'mid the vine-leave
As I played on the banks where the

The beautiful things, how I watched
Till they lifted their delicate vases
O, never a spot since those days ha
With leaves of such freshness, and
How glad was my spirit, for then th
To lurthen its wing, save some beau
Breaking up from its depths, each w
O'er the green mossy bank, where

The paths I have trod I would quic
Could I win back the gladness that
As I cooled my warm lip in the fou
With a spirit as pure as the wing o
Could I wander again where my fee
With the beauty that dwelt in my h
And calm as a child, in the starligh
Fall asleep on the bank where the b

POPULAR T

THE GAMBL

It was a rich and elegant apa
were covered with a costly
pensive furniture ornamented
walls were hung a few fine pi
masters. The hour was pa
chandelier burned dimly, th
over the crimson drapery arou
ting you to see two on a sofa
ed in hands, and the tears trie
her taper fingers, sat the mis
mansion. Why, with all thi
wealth, did she weep there
hearted wife?

Emily Languerre was an or
At an early age she had mar
worthy of her pure and guil
four years of unalloyed happ
beautiful and bright. But al
fairest, the storm may be alre
horizon, and before three wi
the curls of her little boy, a ch
over her once adoring husba
told in one word—he had b
Amid the fashionable amus
card playing was pre-eminen
dulged in it at first to spend
gratify a friend, it was not lo
ed a liking, which was soon
lable passion for the excite
the sport it became the nec
cheek grew pale, his eye be
half the night at the gaming
mored that his fortune had
ed. His meek wife, howe
without complaint. Her loo
were all that told how bitt
were voiceless, it is true, bu
to the heart.

It was long past midnigh
wife waited for her husband
had long past, and she be
accident had happened to
pense, at last, grew paint
knew not what to think—h
with a thousand fears. Oh
the agony of waiting for tho
your reason tells you they
your side. At last she ros
dow. Suddenly a step was
street, and her heart beat
But it was only the watchm
sought the couch of her b
cherub face as he lay ther
cent childhood, found reli

Her quick ear at length
step in the hall, and spri
away her tears, and hurrie

"Oh! Charles, I am so
are safe—I was afraid so
pened to you," and a smil
half dried tears.

Her husband stared at
and seemed tortured wit
within. He appeared, fo
his career; but the demo
him whispered him to d
angry reply.

"Madam," he exclaim
you you hurt your heal
rate. One can't be out w
he's killed; but that is t

The wife had, hitherto,
him. It was the first time,
erwise had been,—that h
ly and angrily to her. I
like an ice-bolt. She onl
turned her face away to

The man stood like
words had scarcely left h